

Q 900. c. 95. 28

Per c. 41. 27

UNIVERSITY  
LIBRARY  
CAMBRIDGE

## COBBETT'S WEEKLY REGISTER.

VOL. 45.—No. 1.] LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1823. [Price 6d.

*Published every Saturday Morning, at Seven o' Clock.*

### A LETTER

TO MR. SECRETARY CANNING

FROM HIS MAJESTY

THE KING OF BOHEMIA,

*Remonstrating with the Right Honourable Gentleman on the attack which he thought proper to make upon his Majesty, in his late Speech at Liverpool.*

*Prague, 25 November, 1822.*

SIR,

I HAVE read with no inconsiderable degree of surprise a not very mannerly observation made by you, at a late meeting at Liverpool, respecting my desire to possess a fleet of ships. I understand that Liverpool is a large town in England, and that a considerable number of persons were assembled upon the occasion to which I have alluded. What

could have drawn these persons together, it is not for me precisely to specify. I am wholly unacquainted with a state of things that can render it fitting and decorous for a minister of a king to put forth observations on the conduct of other sovereigns at a sort of public carousal with merchants and other vulgar persons. However, after having taken all the means within my power of ascertaining the truth, I cannot doubt of the fact, that you did, at a meeting of this description, make an observation to the following effect; namely, "That the King of Bohemia took it into his head that he ought to have a fleet of ships; but that, his Majesty was informed, that he had no sea-ports." Upon your saying this, the afore-mentioned merchants and other vulgar per-

A

Printed and published by J. M. COBBETT, No. 183, Fleet Street.

sons broke out, as I am given to understand, into a loud, general and uproarious *laugh*. This laugh was, it seems, renewed several times; so that, I appear to have been the principal subject of the diversions of the day.

Now, Sir, I am yet to learn what right you and these vulgar persons had to make a jest of my taste, supposing the alleged fact, with regard to that taste, to have been true. Holding myself not to be accountable to any body upon earth, I shall not condescend to say whether the allegation were true or otherwise. But, supposing, for argument's sake, that it had been true, and even that you had a bare right to make the observation, I may ask you, in the first place, whether you were promoting the interests of that *monarchical principle*, of which you would fain appear to be such an advocate; whether you were promoting this principle by exposing any crowned head to ridicule? One might have expected, from so stanch an advocate of monar-

chy, forbearance in a case like this. If you must have a jest about a fleet without sea-ports, why not select some of the republican governments of Switzerland, as subjects whereon to exercise your invention and your wit?

But, Sir, still supposing the allegation to have been true, could you see nothing *at home* to make you anticipate retaliation from the king of Bohemia? Why, of all the persons in the world; of all the persons in the world who possessed power; why is the king of Bohemia to be ridiculed for having a thing which appears inconsistent and incongruous. If I look at England, I can see many things quite as strange and inconsistent as that of wishing to have a fleet when one has no sea-ports. It appears, even from your own account, that *I did not persevere*; that I did not insist upon having the fleet, after I had learned that I had no sea-ports. And here let me just observe upon two things, which I think might have been a subject

of your commendation. First, it appears that I had some one about me honest enough to tell me that I had no sea-ports; and, second, it does not appear that I drove this honest man from my presence; but, on the contrary, that I gave up my project and spared my people the expense. Until *you*, Sir, can point me out a sovereign that has so far subdued his own inclinations and caprice, and has been so ready to attend to wise councils; until you can point out some such sovereign by name, I think that common justice would call upon you to spare your sarcasms on the conduct of the king of Bohemia.

However, in order to show you the danger of making attacks of this sort; in order to give you a *warning* for the future, I shall, in the first place, suppose (contrary to the truth) not only that your statement was true; but that I persevered, and, finally, put my loving subjects to the expense of the fleet, after my faithful minister had shown me that I had no sea-

ports. Taking this supposition as the ground-work, still I confidently assert that it would have been prudent in you; that it would have been prudent in any English minister or any Englishman; but particularly in **YOU**, to refrain from casting ridicule on and exciting laughter and mockery at, not only a king of Bohemia, but on any other creature on the face of the earth for wishing to have a thing, the possession of which must, from the want of the possession of some other thing, render the first possession an object of ridicule and contempt. Granted that the inconsistency with which you charge me was great; but if you take the liberty to comment on this inconsistency in the kingdom of Bohemia, shall not I, the assailed party, show, if I can, the inconsistencies which I behold in your country; and shall I not stand excused in the eyes of the world, if we find, that the grossest inconsistency with which you charge me is, in numerous instances, very far surpassed, in



mischief as well as in ridiculousness, by the inconsistencies discoverable in a system, which, from the bar, from the bench, from the pulpit, from the senate and from the throne is proclaimed to be the envy of surrounding nations and the admiration of the world!

In stating the inconsistencies which I find to be existing in England, my difficulty is, not how to lengthen the list, but how to shorten it, so as to bring it within any reasonable compass. I shall select rather than enumerate; and I shall not load my selection with commentary. I shall seek to draw forth no coincidence in opinion with myself upon the subject; much less shall I endeavour to draw forth peals of laughter at the expense of the parties. As becomes a king of Bohemia I shall simply state the facts, leaving the envying and admiring nations of Europe to furnish the commentary.

What, then, Sir, do I behold in England?

1st. You have landlords without estates.

2d. You have a tenantry without an hour's security of tenure.

3rd. You have farmers unable to employ the labourers in their own fields; but compelled to pay them for cracking stones to make the common highways as smooth as walks in a garden.

4th. You have an over-production of food; and a people dying by thousands for want of food.

5th. You make improvements by inclosing barren heath-lands; and you have rich farms innumerable untenanted and going out of cultivation.

6th. You have a metropolis, daily increasing in number of houses, and in luxury and splendour; and you have a country in a state of "unparalleled distress."

7th. You have a *Wen*, the populousness of which causes great commission of crimes and a horrible increase of prostitution; and, in order to check this evil, you lay out a *million of money* in the building of penitentiaries and in bringing up people from all parts



of the country, to increase the populousness of the Wen.

8th. You have laws keen as those of Draco to preserve to the owners of estates the wild animals upon them; but nothing to preserve to those owners the estates themselves.

9th. You had taxes, to relieve the pressure of which, you took off eighteen millions; but, with the other hand, added, in effect, more than a hundred millions.

10th. You have a sudden transition from war to peace, which has lasted eight years.

11th. You have too much food and too much taxation; and you give part of your taxes to induce eaters of the food to go and settle in foreign climes.

12th. You have a sinking fund that does not sink your debt, and that augments your expenses.

13th. You raise money from the public in taxes to put into the hands of commissioners, that they may lend it to the public, in order to lighten the taxes.

14th. You have projects for

checking marriage; and you have a law to tax bachelors for being bachelors, and another law for punishing girls for having bastard children.

15th. You permit the Jews openly to preach in their synagogues; and you send women to gaol (to be brought to bed there, too) for openly declaring their unbelief in Christianity.

16th. You have an amazing increase of Bibles and of religious Tracts, which increase is the subject of a boasting that echoes through every part of the world; and you have a prodigious increase of crimes of all sorts, in so much that an extraordinary assize is required to carry on the business of trying and condemning.

17th. You have numerous pastors who have tithes in great abundance, and who have scarcely any flocks.

18th. You have innumerable flocks who have pastors that have no tithes at all.

19th. You have a church which is the richest in the whole world;

and your people pay taxes to relieve the poor clergy of it.

20th. You have two chief justices in Eyre, and neither of them has any court.

And now, Mr. Canning, I approach a little closer.

21st. You have had an ambassador, at fourteen thousand pounds a year salary, to a place where there was no king, no queen and no court.

22d. You have a great many representatives, who have no constituents.

23rd. You have millions of constituents who have no representatives.

Was it not, Mr. Canning, to be rather imprudent, to call upon the merchants and other vulgar persons to set up a horse-laugh at me, merely because I wished to have a fleet when I had no sea-ports; was it not rather imprudent to do this at the very moment when the main drift of your harangue was to maintain the wisdom and the justice of there being so many representatives without constituents,

and so many millions of constituents without representatives?

Is there any thing more inconsistent, Sir, in having a fleet without sea-ports, than there is in having representatives without constituents? Would not my fleet, even if I had had it constructed, have been as useful to the people of Bohemia, as representatives of lumps of earth and of pig-sties can be to the good people of England?

Pray, Sir, think of this before you again play off your wit upon your alleged caprice of the king of Bohemia.—But; and I now come to close quarters indeed with you, Mr. Canning; have *you* never heard, Sir, of a fleet being used in the *interior* of a country? Sir, men should be cautious; men who live in houses of glass, should be cautious how they throw stones.

24th. You had a fleet on the Serpentine River, which fleet beat the Americans in effigy; while the Americans were beating you in real life on the ocean!

Sir, this is notorious to the whole world. It was a gal-

lant fleet; it was manned by gentry and noblesse; its streamers were of silk; its canvas was as fine as a shirt; its ropes were gilded with gold: it beat the yankee-dogs, whose "bits of striped bunting" (as you yourself called them) were seen drooping in disgrace under the flags of your gallant fleet; and within a few hours of that very time, news was dispatched to you from America that Commodore Macdonough had, on the lake of Champlain, beaten and captured the whole of your fleet. The year 1814 saw these things take place; and shall I be reproached; shall I be held up to ridicule and scorn, because, in a moment of thoughtlessness, there came into my head the caprice of wishing for a fleet? Why, Sir, I have waters much larger than the Serpentine River, that duck-pond in Hyde Park, on which I remember to have skated when I was a youth upon my travels in England. I have waters much larger than that; and why was not I to be indulged

with a fleet? for you do not pretend that I persevered; but why was not I to be suffered to have a fancy for a fleet, even for one single moment, without being exposed to your raillery and that of the merchants and other vulgar persons of Liverpool? I gave up my fancy. I had a councillor honest enough to tell me that I had no sea-ports; and I gave up my whim; I did not put my people to the expense of it; but if I had, am not I to have my whims as well as other people? What is there in the law of nature or of nations to forbid the king of Bohemia from having his little whims; why is not he to have ships with gilded ropes; to have Chinese pavilions and temples; to decorate a room to-day at enormous expense, and to tear down the decorations in a month; why is not he to pull down and to build up, to enlarge and to contract; and to pull down and build up and enlarge and contract again and again; why is he not to be indulged in this way; what has



Bohemia done, that her king is to be ridiculed in this unmerciful manner, for merely having one momentary caprice in the whole course of his life? Shall not he, if he chooses it, cut off his whiskers to-day and stick them on to-morrow; shall he not go from black to white and back again to black and then to white again in the colours of his dresses and those of his attendants? Am I to be laughed at; are a parcel of merchants and other vulgar people to be taught to scoff at me, because to-day I choose a swallow tail in place of a round tail, and because I chop off the swallow tail to-morrow? Shall not the covering of my head vary with my fancy as well as that of the heads of other people? Hat, bonnet, cap, helmet, skull-cap; shall I not take them all in their turns if I choose; and, if I choose, change them through all the variety of forms, from the bowl-dish of the round-head to the tiara of the Pope; and if I do this will you, Mr Canning, take upon yourself to laugh at me?

But, enough. I have, as I said, made a mere selection; but this I trust will be quite sufficient to prevent you from again making free with what you were pleased to represent as my inconsistency and folly. Learn, Sir, from this, to be more sparing of your wit, or much more judicious in the choosing of your subjects.

#### THE KING OF BOHEMIA.

---

#### CRITIQUE ON DON CARLOS;

OR

#### PERSECUTION.

*A Tragedy, in Five Acts,*

BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

---

WHEN we first heard of this "*Tragedy*," or, rather, read of it in the newspapers, we could not help thinking, that the scene, though laid in Spain, was really to be English. In fact we thought, that the hoary *Lopez* was to be the *persecuted* party; that *Lord John*, under the name of Don

Carlos, was to come to his deliverance, and that *Castlereagh*, as grand persecutor, was to fall back into Dr. Bankhead's arms, when, after his exclaiming, "*it's all over, Doctor!*" there was to be a "*Dies.*" We supposed, of course, that the *waiting gentleman*, who gave such straightforward evidence before the coroner's jury; that *the lady* herself; that the jury with their *shoes off*; and that the coroner, with the *Duke of Wellington's letter*, were all to be brought forward. We do not say, that we could have made a *good Tragedy* out of this subject; but we will venture to say, that we could have made one a great deal more entertaining, and a great deal less improbable and unnatural than the thing, called a *Tragedy*, that now lies before us.

The characters in this *Tragedy* are:

PHILIP, King of Spain.

DON CARLOS, his son and heir.

DON LUIS DE CORDOBA.

VALDEZ, grand Inquisitor.

LUCERO, an Inquisitor.

OSORIO, follower of Don Carlos.

Three Inquisitors, Officers and Soldiers.

THE QUEEN.

DONNA LEONORA DE CORDOBA.

Lady attending on the Queen.

The scene is in Madrid; and the story, if story this thing can be said to have, is this.—PHILIP II. was, it is well known, a very zealous upholder of the church. His son, DON CARLOS, is, in this story, represented as a generous and liberal-minded young man, who feels great horror at the burning of heretics, in which work the Inquisitors of Spain are frequently engaged. The Inquisitors, at the head of whom is *Valdez*, are uneasy at the prospect of seeing this Don Carlos upon the throne, and therefore conceive the project of destroying him. *Valdez*, the grand Inquisitor, is so determined upon this project, that he writes a letter (as is discovered in the end) to a minister of his holiness the

Pope, telling him that he means to exasperate the father against the son, and to get the son put to death. This was making pretty short work of it; for this letter was written by the Inquisitor (as we afterwards find) even before he had *begun* his operations; and he speaks of the approaching death of the Prince with as little ceremony as one butcher would write to another: "I mean to kill a bullock next Monday." The very words in the letter are these: "*In a few weeks I may have to inform you of the young Prince's death.*"—This letter does not come out till just at last, just after the Prince is dead.—But we must now go back again to the beginning, where *Valdez* broaches the project to *Lucero*, a brother Inquisitor. They agree that it is necessary to get rid of Don Carlos; and *Valdez* opens the Tragedy by telling *Lucero* the way to go to work to effect their purpose.—He tells him, that *Cordoba* hates Carlos because Carlos, when young, once gave

him a blow. It would be hard to charge such a piece as this with plagiarism; but our readers will recollect, that this having *given a blow to an attendant* is the basis of a ranting blood-and-oons sort of a Tragedy, called the *Revenge*.—Well; *Cordoba* hates the Prince because he once gave him a blow; and *Cordoba* is the *confidential friend* of the Prince, and is to betray him on the score of *heresy*.—Another part of the plan is, to make the King *jealous of his son*, by making him believe that the Queen (the step-mother of the Prince) is in love with him. To get proof of this, and to get the Queen betrayed, *Donna Leonora*, *Cordoba's* wife, is made to be the Queen's attendant; and, lest her husband's hatred of the Prince should not be a sufficient motive with the wife, this *Leonora* was in love with the Prince before she was married; and, of course, hates the Queen, and the Prince too, much more than she hates the devil.—How these parties came to be chosen as confidential friends



by the Prince and the Queen the author does not think it worth while to tell us; and yet, it does seem to be perfectly wonderful, that *Cordoba*, who hated the Prince so mortally, should choose to be in his service; and not less wonderful, that *Donna Leonora*, who so detested both the Prince and the Queen, should choose to be in the service of the latter! However, these improbabilities are trifling to what we find in the sequel.—*Cordoba* is set to work to excite the Prince to favour the heretics, and *Valdez*, to give us a specimen of the dignified language of Lord John, says,

..... when 'tis known,  
'Twill work the King most strangely.

However, the first attempt is to make him jealous; and the King makes his first appearance upon the stage, with a letter in his hand, reading,

..... Strange words are these!  
"The Queen who seems so sad, can smile sometimes :  
"When the King is not in her company,  
"On one who touches the King nearly:" So—  
This were no other than Don Carlos :—

Incredible as it may appear to our readers, this is a *literal* extract, *pointing* and all. The reader will not believe, that there is a colon after *sometimes*. Let him get the book, then.—We are not told *who writes* this letter to the King, or how it gets to him. It appears to be a piece of *anonymous* information; but it leads the King into a long and most melancholy soliloquy, in which he first *reproaches* the vulgar herd with the intention of withdrawing their admiration from him and giving it to his son, and afterwards concludes, by praying heaven to *save him* from the breath of their applause!—After this we are not much surprised to see him send for Madam *Leonora*, in order to *pump* her. He opens the business to her in a very king-like manner, thus :

Madame, good day. I have desired your presence—

On urgent matters : answer me, and quick,  
What is the *general temper* of the queen  
When with her women ? gay, or sad, or  
staid ? [sence  
What her diversion ? does the prince's pre-  
Make any change in her deportment ?

Mrs. *Leonora* seems to shuffle a

little at first; but, though she acknowledges that the Queen and the Prince are very gracious towards one another, she acquits them of any thing like impropriety of conduct. The King, at last, dismisses her; but not till he has set her on to *lead the Queen into conversations* about Carlos, in order to get from her something to tell him! Meanness equal to this it is impossible to impute to almost any one, without transgressing the laws of nature. We should have thought, that there was not a man living capable of conceiving conduct like this; and in a King, too, speaking to a lady of his court! Well may the King tell the lady, before she goes away, to *keep his secret*; but what a shocking beast must he be to think that she would do it! He says to her "*stay your tongue upon the threshold of your speech*;" which, doubtless, the King and Lord John understand; but which we will engage to say, is understood by no other human being.—Well; we have now got the King dipped in jealousy; and next we see old *Valdez* come, not only to push on his jealousy, but to alarm him as to the *heresy* of the Prince. That all may be as *natural* as possible, and go swimmingly on, there is no change of scene here; but as soon as *Leonora* goes out, "*enter an Officer*" to announce the arrival of *Valdez*; and the King says "*admit him straight*."—The old Inquisitor, after duly preparing the King for a horrible tale, tells him of the heresy of his son; tells him that *Carlos* has a design to flee away to Flanders, to leave some myrmidons behind him to kill the King, and then, when the King is dead, to return to wed the Queen!—The King hears this story in a very humdrum sort of way; makes a fine long speech, a moralizing and metaphysical speech of a page long; and soon after leaves the Inquisitor.—*Valdez* has now got on pretty well. Lord John, as well as the rest of us, remembers that *Iago* in order to confirm the

suspicious which he has excited in the mind of the *Black fellow*, gets *Desdemona* to supplicate the *Black* in favour of *Cassio*, of whom the *Black* is already jealous. Lord John, recollecting this, makes *Valdez* form the design to get the Queen to supplicate the King in favour of *Carlos*. Being both "*immortal bards*," they may probably have a right, *Shakespeare* and *Lord John*, to borrow from one another; but it is hardly fair in *Lord John* to borrow, unless *Shakespeare* were in a situation to borrow in his turn. We suppose, however, that the Noble Author stands upon his privilege of *Lord*, the extent of which, in the borrowing way, we pretty well know; seeing that the House of Lords, and the Lords' House, have, between them, run us up a score of ten hundred millions or thereabouts.—*Valdez*, in faithful imitation of *Iago*, resolves to set the Queen on to supplicate the King in behalf of *Don Carlos*, and, *luckily*, the Queen comes into the place where *Valdez* is, just

after the King has left that old Inquisitor. The King goes out, *Valdez* remains, utters ten lines of reflections to himself; and then, "*enter Queen*," who in great haste asks *Valdez* why the King is angry with his son, for that he has just passed by her with angry brow, calling aloud to a Captain of his Guard to confine *Don Carlos* to his chamber!—This is quick work! Almost as quick and as regular as if *Valdez* were doing some job of work, and these people were the tools that he was making use of.—After suitable arguments to induce the Queen to intercede for the Prince, without her knowing, by-the-bye, what the Prince has done, away goes the Queen, saying,

Since you advise me thus, I fly to use  
Such poor persuasion as my baffled thoughts  
Can well collect.

—So far, so good. Not the smallest obstruction does the Inquisitor meet with.—The King, having ordered *Carlos* to be confined, goes himself to examine him. He finds *Cordoba* with him; and,



before the King enters, Carlos, without the smallest reason in the world, has told Cordoba all his secrets. Upon the King's entering, Cordoba goes out, and a dialogue takes place, between the King and the Prince, in which the Prince, without the least necessity for it, makes a discovery of all his heretical principles, and almost avows himself a traitor. This dialogue is such a piece of monstrous improbability, that we can scarcely believe our own eyes when we see it upon the paper.—The King (and no wonder) goes out, threatening vengeance. —Next, in due order, comes the dialogue between the King and the Queen, which Valdez had contrived, in imitation of the scene in Othello. The result is the same in this case as in that of the *Black man*. The King behaves, indeed, a little more civilly to his wife than the *Black man* did to his; but he sends her off with a flea in her ear, and concludes a long and foolish soliloquy by saying that he will set Valdez and

his "*dark troop*" to destroy his son!—Never was any thing so regular and uninterrupted as the business of this "*Tragedy*." Accordingly, the next thing we come to is a scene in the hall of the Inquisition, where Valdez, Lucero, and three other Inquisitors are sitting, attended by officers. Here Carlos is brought in to be examined. He refuses to answer, and a sort of wrangling disputation takes place between him and the Inquisitors. Carlos reproaches Valdez with sitting in a court to try men without producing the witnesses against them: whereupon the Inquisitors call Leonora, her husband Cordoba, and the King himself, to appear in the court; and they, one after another, pop out from apartments on the side of the Hall! When Carlos sees Cordoba, he exclaims,

..... Luis! drop out my eyes!

Sink from my eye-balls! .....

When the King enters, Carlos sinks into a chair.—Then begins a sort of polemic discussion between Valdez and Carlos, the King,

*Cordoba* and *Leonora* standing by.—After the King has heard enough of this, Don Carlos is taken away, and the Inquisitor proceeds to say, that the matter ought to be *left wholly to the King*. The King declines to be the judge. *Valdez*, as an argument why the King ought to be the judge, says, that it would be *perjury* in the Inquisitors to give any judgment short of what the crime merited.—Here *Leonora* puts in her word, and says, almost in the very words of STERNE, that “*such perjury would ne’er be registered in heaven’s book for future punishment.*”—The Inquisitor, however, does not seem to relish this pretty speech, and says, “*Lady, I pray attend to your own soul.*”—It is rather strange, that *Leonora* should say this, seeing that she came for the express purpose of giving evidence against the Prince; and seeing that the Prince had, only a few minutes before, called her one “*of the accurst informer crew, who had sold his body to a band of blood-suckers.*”—It is

not less strange, that the King should stand quietly by while this is passing. However, at last, the King having persevered in refusing to be the judge, and having commanded *Valdez* to proceed to pass the sentence, we naturally expect to hear the sentence, and, in the next Act, to see the Prince burned. But here, all at once, rushes in a person, who has not before made his appearance (and who is actually left out of the *Dramatis Personæ*) and puts a stop to the whole of the proceedings. This is no other than the Bishop of *Osma*, who comes in, in spite of the Inquisitors and their familiars; says he has been the tutor of the Prince; says the Prince is innocent; abuses the Inquisitors, and hardly spares the King himself. The King, at last, stops the old gentleman, and bids him retire.—Well then, says *Osma*, “*one parting word:*” and then he goes on to foretel, that, if the King suffer himself to be bereft of his son, a *monkish Oligarchy* (there is a worse Oligarchy in the

world, Lord John) will step in and have their share of reverence, and will make him, in his old age, nothing but a tool in their hands. — “*Think you so?*” says the King. “*Aye, that I do,*” says Osmá, who then goes on with another argument, which he concludes in these remarkable words:

Man, man alone is taught by vicious arts,  
He calls civility, to lay his hand  
On his own progeny.

At last, Philip says, “*this requires counsel.*” Whether he meant, that it required counsel to find out the reason why OSMÁ asserted, that man called it *civility* to lay his hand on his own progeny we are not able to discover; but, this we can say, that we never heard of any such *civility* before. If, perchance, OSMÁ should mean the arts of *civil life*, or *civil society*, we should be glad if the old Bishop would tell us what *civil society* ever existed, or what principle there is in the general social compact, teaching man to lay his hand on, that is to say, to *kill*, his own progeny.—

However, the King says, “*this requires counsel;*” and then he puts off the proceeding until the next day.—This is the first check that Valdez has met with. However, he by no means gives the matter up.—The King, reflecting upon what Osmá has said, and feeling horror at the idea of causing his own son to be put to death, falls upon a compromise, namely, to pardon the Prince, upon condition that he will retire for a year into Galicia. Valdez, fearing the success of this negociation, lays a plan for the destroying of Carlos by means of getting him into a plot, and getting him to *break prison*. And who do you think he employs for this purpose? Why, *that very Cordoba*, who had, a few hours before, betrayed the Prince, who had, by the Prince, been called “*one of the cursed informer crew,*” and at the very sight of whom, the Prince had exclaimed, “*Drop out my eyes!*” Yes; this very *Cordoba*, goes into Carlos’s prison, persuades him that he is still his friend; persuades him that he



and a trusty crew will come to his deliverance; and finally persuades him to be ready to break prison that very night!—In the mean while, the King sends to the Prince a proposition for a compromise. And *who* do you think is the ambassador? Who, of all the persons in the world, does the King select for this negotiation? Why, the *Queen*! Yes the Queen; that very person, who of all others that the world contained, would, one would naturally think, be the very last that a jealous husband would send on such an errand. However, the Queen goes to the Prince's dungeon; but so far from being the bearer of what Carlos deems good news, he falls into a passion; rejects the proposition, and almost abuses her. He acknowledges that he is "*too fretful*;" and, indeed, though the author puts down, "*she weeps*," one can hardly think a pretty woman fool enough to weep for such a fellow.—Finding him inexorable as to the Galician proposition, she makes one of her

own; that is, for him to escape *à la Lavellette*.

..... put on this cloak, this hat;

You shall pass by the guard as Queen: start not;

But straight do as I bid you; in an hour

You may evade pursuit.

Carlos rejects this plan too, notwithstanding all the entreaties of the Queen, which are, at last, interrupted by a *whistle* that Carlos hears, and that could not fail, if this play were *acted*, to make a London audience suppose, that a *band of pickpockets*, or *house-breakers*, were at hand. Upon this he makes a *long speech*, and one of the silliest that ever came out of a pair of lips; leaves the Queen; climbs up to a grated window, the bars give way, and out he goes! Things now approach to a crisis. The guard stops Carlos and Cordoba in the street; Carlos fights with an officer; *Cordoba* draws his sword and *runs it into Carlos*, just as *Iago* does into *Roderigo* and *Cassio*, in the play of the *Black man*; *Carlos* turns round, and runs his sword into *Cordoba*; *Cordoba* feel-

ing himself dying, calls upon Carlos to *forgive* him; Carlos *forgives* him; in comes a man with lights, and calls out for a bandage to bind up the wound of Carlos. Just at this time, in come the King, Valdez, officers and others. Valdez has been working upon the King and has made him believe that the Prince has entered into a rebellious plot. — Valdez asks the King if he shall send for a skilful *leech*: in the country we say, *doctor* for man, *farrier* for horse, and *leech* for neat cattle: we say a *cow-leech*: so that Valdez wanted the King's leave to send for a "*skilful leech* to probe Carlos's wounds." No, says the King, I will pursue my "*stern duty*." He does not say "*stern path of duty*;" but he says my "*stern duty to this painful consummation*." — Poor Carlos cries out, "*give me to drink*." We will not accuse Lord John of *blasphemy*; and therefore, we will not call this *plagiarism*. The King says, "*give him to drink, Valdez*." Valdez

says, "*I will*," and calls to a soldier to bring some drink. Valdez takes the cup, *puts poison in it*, and gives it to Don Carlos, who drinks! — All this passes while the King is standing by! — Carlos begs his father's pardon. Philip will not give it, until the Prince has *repented*. Then comes a full declaration of innocence. In the midst of this Cordoba speaks out. Philip asks, what voice is that? Cordoba exclaims, "*a villain's!*" And up gets upon his knees this man that we thought was dead, declaring the innocence of the Prince and the guilt of Valdez. The King begins to cry out that his son is murdered. Carlos dies. Philip bawls out, "*What, ho? My guards, there, ho!*" — "*Enter Officer and guards*." — The officer tells the King that a messenger has just arrived from Rome with a letter. The King opens the letter, which contains an extract from the butcher-like epistle of Valdez, mentioned at the beginning of these remarks. — The King now turns upon Val-

*dez*, calls him villain, arch traitor, savage monster, and orders the guards to carry him to a cell. *Valdez*, in imitation of *Iago*, makes a good long impudent speech; sets the King's vengeance at defiance; says, that he has inflicted greater tortures, than can be inflicted upon him, and off he marches to his cell. The King concludes the Tragedy, in these words:

May this *sad story* rest for ever *secret*!

Vain hope! in one short day I have *destroyed*  
My peace of conscience and my *hopes of fame*!

It would, we think, be well for Lord John, if this "*sad story*" could rest for ever a *secret*. His Lordship had no fame, indeed, nor had he perhaps any reasonable hopes of fame; but if he had, they certainly must have been destroyed by this Tragedy; for never was there a piece of writing that gave evidence of a more complete want of talent in the author.—Here is no *plot*. Here is nothing that does not set probability completely at defiance. There is not, from the beginning

to the end, any portion of interest excited for one single moment. There is no one character for which you care a straw. All is *jejune* from the first line to the last. There is nothing that you can call an *incident*; nothing to break in upon, and to give you relief from, the dull stupid conception, the whole of which you see through before you have read half a dozen pages. The language is low and spiritless. The dialogue is not, indeed, *dialogue*; for only one party at a time *talks*. Each dialogue is a long speech, broken into parts by unmeaning observations of the hearers. Where the writer aims at passion; we mean, at *impassioned* language, it appears to us as the bluster of *Gulliver* appeared to the *Brobdnagians*. It is impossible to read the passages to which we allude, without thinking of *Swift's* description of the *squeaking* of the little presumptuous creature strutting about upon the table of his master.—Of Lord John's rhetorical flourishes we have given a



specimen in the words of the King, when he tells *Leonora* to "*stay her tongue upon the threshold of her speech.*" To this we will add, just *one couple*; and if Grub-street can beat them, we will say for Grub-street, that it may safely challenge the whole world.

*Carlos.*——Patience a little while;  
You shall know all my thoughts. *Cazalla*, he  
That stood so tall before me in the strength  
Of a high soul, was now a cinder, tost  
And scattered by the air:——

The other we find in a speech of *Valdez*. When this grand Inquisitor is telling his brother *Lucero* the scheme which he has for causing *Carlos* to be murdered in cold blood, *Lucero*, who appears to be a rather jolly sort of monk, seems horror-stricken and turns pale, and finally, tells *Valdez*, though in a round-about sort of way, that he wonders how he can be so cruel. *Valdez*, in justification of himself, says, that, the order of Monkhood having condemned him to be without conjugal tenderness and hope of progeny, has bereft him of all human feelings, and given him a

right to make others miserable. *Lucero* seems to say, *come, come*: "we have our precept, but we have our *practice*:" and then he goes on to hint, that, notwithstanding the oath of *celibacy*, monks contrive to enjoy themselves as well as other people.—*Valdez* then begins to tell *his* love-story; and says, that he was not only in love, after he became a monk, but that his love was *well returned*. Here, then, is a pretty specimen of the Noble Author's *philosophy*! What should make this man so *unfeeling*, so *inhuman*? How should his monastic state do this, if, after becoming a monk, he had so *ardently loved*, and had had that love *well returned*?—*Valdez* goes on to say, that he *triumphed* over his passion:

..... I triumphed—yes  
I triumphed; but the *fire burnt inwards*, till  
My soul grew hard with suffering:.....

That is to say, his body became a sort of *brick-kiln*, and his soul was the *brick*!—The piece is full of out-of-the-way conceits like this, which is one of the strongest

marks of poverty of intellect ; because, it arises from a *seeking* after something lofty or pretty, and nothing ever was either of these unless it presented itself to the mind ; unless it came without being sought after.—Upon looking at this piece as a whole, we really wonder how any man could have the presumption to commit it to the press ! It has, doubtless, been offered to the stage. We are very sure that three scenes would not have been suffered to pass, without bringing a shower of apples and oranges sufficient to endanger the eyes and noses of the actors. No manager dared to insult an *audience* with such a performance ; and we are satisfied, that no one but a *Lord* would have ventured to insult the *public* with it in the shape of a pamphlet.

### BOTT SMITH.

---

From "*The STATESMAN*" daily  
*Evening Newspaper.*

THERE is a society at Liverpool, called the Concentric Society ; we used to think it was the *Eccentric* Society ; and our notion was founded on the incongruity in the characters of the persons belonging to it, and of the matter brought forward and discussed or talked about. An anniversary of this society was held the other day. The proceedings appear to have begun by the giving of no less than *thirty-four* toasts from the chair. They were generally of a personal nature, and to be sure, comparative numbers considered, Noah's ark did not furnish a greater variety ; for here were *Mr. Hume* and *Sir Francis Burdett* ; the one everlastingly busy as a bee, and the other everlastingly in the state of a dormouse. Here were *Doctor Parr* and *Jack*

*Ketch.* But what will our readers say to *Mr. Fawkes*, and *Bott Smith!*—After the toasts were over, there were some speeches, and who should be amongst the speech-makers but this very Bott Smith. After a great deal of very flippant stuff, Bott told the meeting that it was *proved* in the case of *Mr. REEVES*, that the English Government *was not a monarchy*; for, says he, *Mr. Reeves was prosecuted for calling it a monarchy.* He said he could not trace out that the prosecution was ever carried into effect, and that the *impression* on his mind was that it was *not carried into effect*; but that this was a point of very little importance.—Bott; before there can be an impression upon a man's mind, the man must *have a mind*, which, in spite of all Sir Richard Phillips's *Material Phenomena*, we strongly suspect is not the case with you. However, your powers of *tracing* seem to be very limited indeed; for *Mr. Reeves* was informed against by the Attorney-General, Sir John

Scott, the present Lord Chancellor; he was tried in the Court of King's Bench before Lord Kenyon and a Special Jury; he was defended by Sir Thomas Plomer, the present Master of the Rolls; and he was *acquitted* by that jury. Now, then, Botty, this shows the *judiciousness* of your mode of answering Mr. Canning. Mr. Reeves asserted in print, that the Government of England *was a monarchy*; that the monarchy was the trunk; that the Lords and Commons were the branches; that they might be lopped off and thrown into the fire; and that the tree would be a tree still. This was what Mr. Reeves asserted; the House of Commons ordered him to be prosecuted by the Attorney-General; he was prosecuted, and *the jury acquitted him.* Therefore, here is almost a legal decision that the Government of England is a monarchy. So that, unless Bott had gone into an explanation of the manner in which this trial was conducted; unless he had gone into a full explanation



of all the circumstances of the case, and had taken the feelings of the prosecutor, the extreme mildness with which he carried on the prosecution; the great ingenuity and strong recommendation for acquittal contained in the charge of the judge; the extraordinary pains as well as extraordinary talent taken and displayed in the defence; and the probable, the natural feelings of a special jury, at a moment when people were frightened out of their senses at jacobins and when Mr. Reeves was the chairman of a powerful society for the putting down of jacobins; unless Bott had gone into all this and had adverted fully to the difference between the striking of a special jury in this case, and that of striking a special jury in common cases of libel, where the person charged is regarded as the bitter enemy, instead of being the devoted friend of the system; unless Bott had had the knowledge and the capacity to state all these circumstances and to draw the proper inferences, the precedent that he quoted was directly against his own doctrine and in support of that of Mr. Canning; for, what was this precedent of Bott's? Why this; that the House of Commons, which he seditiously represented as being no better than it should be, *voted* that the English Government *was not a monarchy*; and that a jury of the country, an institution that Bott venerates, *decided on their oaths* that *it was a monarchy*!—Thus it is for a good cause to get into feeble hands. This man, who has been a newsmonger pretty nearly all his lifetime, twattled about this affair of Mr. Reeves, without knowing any thing at all respecting it. He forgets how it began, or how it ended.—Thus it is that clubs and societies generally expose themselves to ridicule. One of the thirty-four toasts mentioned before, was “MR. EGERTON SMITH and the *Freedom of the Press*.” This, it seems, drew the babbler forth. But, why not *Bott*, Gentlemen? Why not give him his proper name? We in London

know him by no other name. By the *writer* above alluded to, here that name he is known in this once more challenges Bott to island; that is to say, as far as publish the whole of the letter in any body knows any thing about question.—We would advise the him; and as to the *freedom of the* respectable persons belonging to *press*, every body that has heard this Concentric Society to purge of Bott has also heard that, being it as soon as possible of this *Bott*. attacked, or, rather, having Strong medicines are necessary his opinions and doctrines attacked to remove botts. From the by another writer, he, instead of description we gave of them when answering that other writer, published in his paper, that he had a we first mentioned this Bott of private letter from a former friend Liverpool, it is evident that the of that writer, containing something drugs must be excessively proving that writer to have drastic; that the operation must be almost mechanical. Our entertained designs little short of description was this (speaking being treasonable. This is Bott to brother broad-brim, Cropper); “You are a mammoth, Smith’s *freedom of the press*. That writer dared him then and he dares “grazing and gormandizing up him now to *publish the letter in* “to your eyes in the dank question. He challenges him and “and rich pastures of a corrupt his correspondent, too, to the exposure and the contest. That writer “system of commerce and paper-money: Smith is merely a bott, has heard that the alleged correspondent of Bott, has *denied* “or maggot, engendered by the “indigestibleness of your food, having given Bott any authority “wriggling along backwards to to make any use whatsoever of the “the vicinity of your tail, and letter in question. So that Bott “there feeding on the occasional has here been guilty of the foulest “adhesions proceeding from the of treachery; but, at any rate, “uncleanly results of your bound-

"less voracity." — The Society will perceive, then, how powerful the drugs necessary to eject, and how unsparing the hand necessary to get them entirely rid of this loathsome symptom of disease. Troublesome, however, as the thing may be to them, rid themselves of it they must, or Mr. Shepherd, Colonel Williams, Mr. Wood, Mr. Brownbill, and Mr. Rushton must be content to take some share, at any rate, of the scandal and ridicule that attach themselves to the name of Bott. We know how difficult it is to keep the Bott from wriggling. These gentlemen, doubtless, wish him heartily at the devil; but no one has, we will not say the *courage*, but no one has the *resolution*, to tell him so. This is, however, great weakness, after all. It is a weakness of that sort that makes us undergo the expense, trouble and inconvenience of keeping old horses and old dogs after they become useless and

even loathsome. However, there is better excuse here than in the case of Bott; because these animals *have been of use*; have administered to our profit and our pleasure; whereas this Bott must always have been a torment and a disgrace to every thing about him. It is false humanity that restrains these gentlemen from purging out the Bott. If no one likes to undertake the thing, let them do as soldiers do: sign a round robin, begging of him to *emigrate* or to *die*. However, this is a matter in which we have no concern; it is the Society's affair, and they must make the best of it.

---

MR. COBBETT'S  
FIRST ADDRESS

*To the Electors of the City of  
Peterborough.*

---

*Scole, Norfolk, 1 Jan. 1823.*

GENTLEMEN,

MANY have been the occasions on which I have observed attempts



made to deceive, cajole, debase, and insult my countrymen or particular portions of them; and, I trust it can with truth be said of me, that I never, on any such occasion, neglected to do my utmost, to inflict chastisement upon the parties from whom proceeded such attempts. Without number have I witnessed attempts of this kind; but, you and the public will readily believe me, never did I witness one equal in baseness and audacity, to that contained in a Letter purporting to be addressed to you and signed with the name of "J. SCARLETT," dated on the 4th of December, and published yesterday in the London *Courier* newspaper. According to those rules of fair play, by which I trust I have always squared my conduct, I will, before I submit to you any remarks on this production, lay before you and the public the production itself, which I find published as before mentioned in the following never-to-be-forgotten words.

GENTLEMEN — Nothing but the pressure of my *professional engagements* prevented me from waiting upon you immediately upon the conclusion of the contest for the University of Cambridge; I intend, however, to have that pleasure as soon as I am released from my present duties, which I trust will not be later than the approaching holidays. If I postpone till that period an *explanation of the motives* which induced me to *embark in that contest*, it is because I feel not only that it is my duty to give you this explanation in person, but that such will be the most *satisfactory method* of doing it. In the meantime I trust you will do me the *justice to believe* that I set the *highest value* upon the honour of *representing you* in Parliament, and that the particular circumstances which led me to contend for a share in the representation of the learning and science which distinguish the place of my education and of my *early associations*, were perfectly consistent with the *profoundest respect* for the Electors of Peterborough, and with the most *grateful recollection* of their *past favours*. Be assured, Gentlemen, that I shall in every situation and at all times consider *your interests and prosperity* as amongst the *very first objects* of my duty, and that in soliciting a continuance of your favour and support of the Election, which I fear must be the consequence of my

recent struggle, I ask for that which is amongst the *dearest objects* of my reverence and attention.—I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your most obliged and

Faithful Servant,

J. SCARLETT."

"New-street, Spring Gardens.  
Dec. 4, 1822."

Gentlemen, I am almost ashamed to be the cause of putting this horrible piece of insolence into print. The thing may be a fabrication, for aught I know. For the honour of human nature I would fain believe it to be such; to save the human form from the just imputation of a thing so mean as this Letter bespeaks its author to be, I would fain hope that even Lawyer Scarlett never wrote it. I will take it, therefore, if you please, merely as a publication; my observations shall be hypothetical; I shall suppose, and merely suppose, the thing to be genuine; and upon that supposition, proceed to offer you my remarks upon it. You will be so good as to let me know by return of post, whether it be genuine or not.

The lawyer reserves his explanation of motives, until he sees you; or, rather, until he sees US; for I, Gentlemen, mean to be present at this explanation. In the mean time, however, he tells you, that justice requires that you should believe that he sets the "*highest value*" upon the honour of representing you; though, in the very same document he confesses, that he has been carrying on "*a struggle*" for the sake of representing somebody else instead of you! Upon the supposition that the lawyer's mortification has not driven him mad, this is amongst the grossest species of insult, that ever was offered to mortal man. However, far is he from stopping here. He says, he has the "*profoundest respect*" for you; that he has "*a grateful recollection of your past favours*;" that your "*interests and prosperity are amongst the first objects of his duty*" (which, by-the-bye, is nonsense); that he asks for your support as being amongst "*the dearest objects of his rev-*

rence and attention ;" and all this, while he knows that every man of you knows, that he turned his back upon you, that he quitted you as a man quits an old worthless garment ; that he has been fighting tooth and nail to get chosen by others instead of you ; and that having failed in that struggle, he now comes fawning back to you again !

Gentlemen, Electors of Peterborough ! men have different opinions as to the degrees of censure and of scorn due to different acts of self-abasement ; but, in one thing all mankind are agreed ; and that is this, that, amongst the unmarried, the *cully*, and that amongst the married, the *contented cuckold*, are the most despicable of all mankind ! The despicableness belonging to both these characters, would now belong to the Electors of Peterborough, if they were to re-elect this man. He *loves you most yet !* 'Tis you, dear souls, whose favours are amongst the " dearest objects of his reverence and attention " ! One

would think he was writing to his sweetheart. Oh, yes : your favours are the dearest objects, and so says the abandoned strumpet, when, cast off by the paramour with whom she has gone off, she comes back, throws her arms about the neck and beslobbers with both spittle and tears the face of her stupid and base forgiver ! Gentlemen, there is no *generosity* in forgiveness like this : it is pure baseness and cowardice ; and these are terms which I would fain hope will never be justly applied to the Electors of Peterborough.

These remarks, you will observe, do not apply to the conduct of Mr. Scarlett, if he have written no such Letter. If he have written such a Letter, this is far from being the last that either he or you will hear from me. In short, I intend to be at the election, in which I trust a *noble lord*, now said to be an advocate for Parliamentary Reform, will by no means attempt to interfere. Whether I shall do myself the



very great honour of presenting myself before you as a candidate, will *depend upon circumstances*. The writer of the above Letter says that he *fears* you must have an *Election*! What, is this a thing to fear? Did he then suppose that there was not to be even the form of an Election? *I hope there will be an Election, and in that Election I hope to act a part*. Mr. Scarlett may not have written this Letter: if he have, I trust that he will not give us much trouble. Or, if it be really true that he have written this Letter, and if I do not meet him when I enter Peterborough coming out of it with a tin kettle at his tail, I shall turn back again towards London, first putting up a fervent prayer, that all the single men amongst you may be jilted, and that

all the married ones may be cuckolded.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient and

most humble Servant,

WM. COBBETT.

---

N. B. I request friends in and near Peterborough to give all possible publicity to the above; and particularly to give me authentic information as soon as possible, whether the above Letter be genuine. If it be not; and if nothing have passed but the notorious fact of the Lawyer having tried his luck at Cambridge, I intend to oppose him if circumstances admit. The deed is done: we know that he turned his back upon the people of Peterborough and went to Cambridge. The letter is merely an adding of insult in words to the tacit insult before offered.

*This day is published, price 3s.  
in boards.*

A NEW EDITION OF

**"A GRAMMAR OF THE  
ENGLISH LANGUAGE,** in a  
series of Letters. Intended for  
the use of Schools and of Young  
Persons in general; but more  
especially for the use of Soldiers,  
Sailors, Apprentices and Plough-  
boys.

By **WILLIAM COBBETT.**

To which are added, **SIX LES-  
SONS,** intended to prevent States-  
men from using false Grammar,  
and from writing in an awkward  
manner."

*Sold by John M. Cobbett,  
183, Fleet Street; and by all  
Booksellers.*

## MARKETS.

Average Prices of CORN through-  
out ENGLAND, for the week end-  
ing 21st December.

*Per Quarter.*

	s.	d.
Wheat .....	38	8
Rye .....	23	6
Barley .....	29	4
Oats .....	18	9
Beans .....	28	10
Peas .....	29	4

*Corn Exchange, Mark Lane.*

Quantities and Prices of British  
Corn, &c. sold and delivered in  
this Market, during the week ended  
Saturday, 21st December.

	Qr.	£.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat 10,904 for	23,712	10	4	Average, 43	5	
Barley .7,727....	12,528	7	4	.....	32	5
Oats ..15,468....	16,356	18	9	.....	21	1
Rye .....	0	0	0	.....	—	
Beans ..2,755....	3,559	17	9	.....	25	10
Peas ..1,475....	2,312	4	0	.....	31	8

**SMITHFIELD, Monday, Dec. 30th.**

*Per Stone of 8 pounds (alive).*

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef .....	3	0	to 4	0
Mutton.....	3	0	— 3	6
Veal .....	3	0	— 4	0
Pork .....	4	0	— 5	0
Lamb .....	0	0	— 0	0

Beasts ... 1,931 | Sheep ... 15,290  
Calves .... 120 | Pigs ..... 200

**NEWGATE (same day).**

*Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).*

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef .....	2	0	to 3	0
Mutton.....	2	0	— 2	6
Veal .....	2	8	— 4	4
Pork .....	2	4	— 3	8
Lamb .....	0	0	— 0	0

*City, Jan. 1, 1823.*

## BACON.

Every thing seems to indicate,  
that, if it were not for the suspi-  
cions which are entertained on the  
score of *credit*, an advance would  
take place in this article. Even  
under the present most unfavour-  
able circumstances the late prices  
are fully maintained; so general is  
the opinion that Bacon is *low* com-  
pared with other articles; espe-  
cially Butter and Cheese. Pre-  
sent price on board, 28s.; landed,  
30s. to 32s.

## BUTTER.

The holders of Butter begin to grow uneasy: they now see that it is impossible for *all* to get rid of their stocks; and of course each one is anxious to be the *first*. Nevertheless they proceed with great caution, which, though they may thereby avoid making *bad debts*, will prevent their getting rid of their goods; which is but exchanging a *possible* evil for a *certain* one. —Carlow, 80s. to 82s.—Belfast, 76s. to 78s.—Newry, 74s. to 75s.—Dublin, 74s. to 75s.—Waterford, 73s. to 74s.—Cork and Limerick, 72s.—Dutch, 100s. to 102s.

## CHEESE

Continues dull, with every probability of going down in price. As Cheese is not, like Butter and

Bacon, sold according to the *name* it bears, but according to *quality*, as ascertained by inspection; it varies in price much more than those articles; so that it becomes very difficult to fix a *market price*. Ten shillings per cwt. more in one instance than in another, is frequently obtained for the same article; according as the buyer is in good or bad credit with the seller. —Cheshire, 56s. to 66s.—Double Gloucester, 46s. to 56s.—Single, 32s. to 47s.—Old of every kind very low.

N. B.—W. R.'s Letter has been received, and will probably be inserted next week.